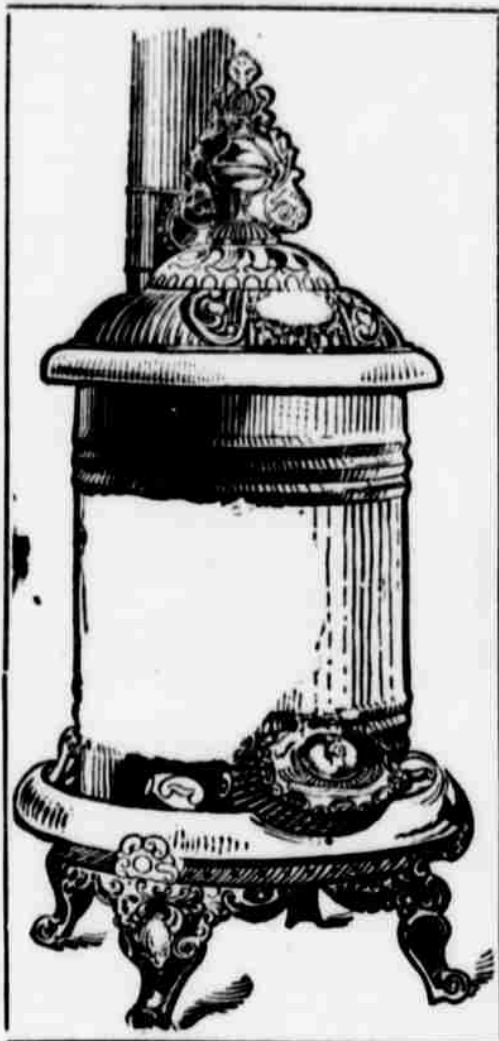


The Goosebone Man

Says we are to have a COLD WINTER.

That means
should be
get ready
buying a
stove. If
no one need
We have a



Everybody
sure to
early by
good heating
this is done
fear the cold.
fine line of

heaters and can supply all demands from the
Little \$3.50 cast iron stove to the larger base burner at \$60.

Stove pipe, 20c per joint.

Coal hods 35c each.

Pokers 10c each.

REMEMBER every stove we sell is polished, delivered
and set up in your house (in Carlsbad) FREE.

Tracy-Roberts

Hardware Company.

An Important Item.

Mr. Splurge—If it hadn't been for your extravagant vacation this summer we wouldn't be so deep in debt now.

Mrs. Splurge—Never mind, dear, I'll go to the mountains instead of the seashore next summer.

Mr. Splurge—Huh! You think that will be more economical?

Mrs. Splurge—Of course, I won't need a new bathing suit then.—Catholic Standard and Times.

He Consented Then.

Passenger can pay as you enter car—Conductor can't that news?—Get on? Conductor—Not unless he pays. Passenger—Then how am I going to get a paper? Conductor—I guess if you can't fish one through the window you'll have to go without. Passenger—All right, if I haven't any paper to read I suppose I might as well sit back here near you and see if you ring up all the fares you collect. Conductor (mouthing to newsboy on back step)—Oh, boy, you can come in.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Index to Horse's Character.

According to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, the horse's face is a good index to his character. If there is a general curve to the profile and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to describe the animal as gentle and at the same time high spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a flat in the middle of his nose he is likely to be treacherous and vicious. A horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious.

Long Words.

A question raised as to the longest sentence ever written has led to a search for the longest word. The honors in English appear to rest between "homodisestablishmentarianism" and "homodisestablishmentarianism," the former word scoring twenty-eight letters and ten syllables as against twenty-two letters and eleven syllables in the latter. Two other words, "disintellectualism" and "unimperialism," may be recommended to police inspectors in search of fresh tests of sobriety, says the Glasgow Herald. These words are, of course, easily surpassed even in England by "homodisestablishmentarianism" and "homodisestablishmentarianism," while across the German ocean are found numerous instances of thirteen syllabled words, such as "Sneppardeboosander-spoorweggetroolyting," the Dutch for "motor car."

How to Cure Blisters on Feet.

Blisters of the feet, usually at the heel, are due to friction by rough shoes or wrinkled stockings. The fluid should be allowed to escape through a minute hole, made by the point of a sterilized needle, and the skin left in place. To avoid these blisters the shoes should be well fitting and the stockings quite smooth. Before starting out on a long tramp dust the feet with this powder: Burnt alum, 5 grams; salicylic acid, 2½ grams; starch, 15 grams; talcum powder, 50 grams.

His Horned Majesty.

Imp—Who is the matter? Satan—That new arrival is trying to shoot me for a deer.—New York Sun.

A Pinionless Angel.

Here is a rhapsody from the Houston Post on the Texas wife: "She is a jasmine scented, rosy cheeked, red headed, pinionless angel and more. She is a sock darter and a pants patcher. She is a buttercuke flapper and a wattle turner. She is a pie architect and layer cake contractor and a chicken frier and a hash constructor for the gods."—Chattanooga Times.

How to Cook Chicken à la Creole.

To cook chicken à la Creole select a tender young chicken, cut it into the usual frieze pieces, roll it in flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper and fry it in fat until it is brown and tender. Keep the chicken hot while the sauce is making. For the sauce fry a minced slice of onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. When all are nicely browned add one of the Spanish red peppers which come in cans (they are known as pimentos), two cupfuls of tomatoes, a bit of bay leaf and a piece of thyme. Stir until the sauce thickens. Then add the chicken and simmer very slowly for a few minutes.

How to Care For Ostrich Plumes.

A woman who believes it a good investment to buy handsome ostrich plumes gives her secret of keeping them free from moths when the feathers are not in use. She puts them in glass jars, securely fastened. If white tips she first sprinkles them with magnesia and wraps the jars in blue paper. This prevents their changing color at all.

Queen Items.

Miss Eva Gilbert, teacher of the Last Chance School, departed Thursday for Lakewood where she will spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Lena Kaiser also left last week for Carlsbad but it is doubtful if she will return to finish her term of school teaching here.

Mr. Harvey Ezell and Miss Lydia May Middleton were married at the home of the bride, Wednesday eve at 7:00 o'clock, Rev. Marshall officiating. The many friends of the young couple join in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

We mountaineers celebrated Christmas at the George Tracy ranch Christmas night by having a dance and supper, which was enjoyed by everyone everything went off nicely and in an orderly way. And all the married men brought their wives this time.

The Rev. Tracy will give a lecture at the home of his son, George, New Year's day and help the people to get a church house here. Every one is asked to attend.

Mrs. Cook received the sad news of the death of her son, who resides in the Sacramento Mountains, Friday.

Each one of the mountain schools had a nice Christmas tree at the close of school for the holidays.

W. F. Montgomery left last week for Abilene, where he will spend Christmas with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Plowman and family are to spend a few days with their son, John, at the Ranger quarters.

If nothing happens we will have news to tell of another wedding shortly. We would like to see another community come up with ours in the way of weddings.

The Value of Hope.

A great traveler had just completed an address on Africa. Admirers from the audience were crowding about him when a white-faced, poorly-clothed boy, with eager eyes, pressed forward and said: "I'm going there some day."

"Isn't that pathetic?" a bystander whispered.

"No," answered the traveler, "it is divine."

"But you surely don't believe he can do it?" exclaimed the bystander, in astonishment.

"I am not sure" replied the great man. "It depends upon the strength of his hope."

Twenty-five years afterward the boy was in Africa.

Hide a great hope in your heart. Let it be as great as the best that is in you. Let its roots strike deep into your being. Let it blossom into cheer and faith and indomitable purpose. You are a young man and your desire is for an education. You are a young woman with ambitions and strength for a man's task. You are a politician with the public good at heart, and you enter the ranks of the men who do battle for the people. You desire to be a skilled mechanic, a capable business man, a minister, a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher or a newspaper man. Hide away a great hope in your heart. When temptation comes it will help you to resist. Should you fail it will help you to rise. If you win a measure of success it will not allow you to rest content. It will become an increasingly powerful suggestion, work-

ing day and night, strengthening your purposes, cheering your dark hours, holding you to persistent effort. It will awaken powers lying back in your subconscious mind—powers of which you do not dream. You will become not the ordinary man, who is born and lives and dies, but an inspired man, with a consciousness of victory unconsummated, to whom every buffet of fortune but serves to discipline and enrich the life. And then some day, perhaps when you least expect, you will see the fulfillment of the hope you hid away. But should it never come to pass in just the way you wished, you will have grown to the size of your hope, and from a higher plane, with a truer perspective, you will look out upon life, doing your work manfully and understanding the struggles, the defeats and the victories of other men.—Ex.

DISCARDED.

From home I sent you just a week ago,
Not that my love for you was growing less,
But that it grieved and saddened me to know
How quickly time could mar your loveliness.
And, though to let you leave me I was loath,
A change, thought I, might benefit us both.
When first your dazzling beauty caught my eye
You were indifferent to the staring crowd
And quite unconscious of the fact that I
To make you mine impulsively had vowed.
For all things have their price and may be bought,
And you had yours, though somewhat high, methought.
And now, all torn and tattered, you've come back,
Your color faded, and your looks forlorn.
And all in one short week—alas, alack!
A costlier shirt than you I've never worn.
But what avails this fretting and this fuss?
The laundries always treat one's linen thus.
—Puck.

"A Leader of the B'ar."



No Use.

"Ginevra," pleaded the young man in deep, impassioned tones, "I must speak! The voice of my heart can be stifled no longer! Every impulse of my nature, every fiber of my being, every surging emotion of my soul clamors for utterance! Sensible as I am of my own unworthiness, realizing to the full the presumption of which I am guilty in daring to aspire to your hand, I have no excuse, no palliation, save that with the deathless, unextinguishable devotion of a heart never before touched by the sacred fire, I love!"

"Oh, Arthur," yawned the beautiful maiden, "why will you persist in making those utterly useless noises!"—Chicago Tribune.

Rastus on Trial.

Rastus was on trial for the theft of a turkey and took the stand on his own behalf.

"I didn't steal no turkey, squar. I stole a rail."

"Well, Rastus, how did those bones get in your back yard?"

"They done come dar without my permishun, an' I ain't 'sponsible. You see, squar, I was needin' firewood, so I took de rail an' toted it home, an' dar wuz a turkey on it, a great big fellah. Well, sah, what's on my lan's mine, an' I didn't give 'im no time to run off neither, squar."

The squire deliberated a few seconds. Then he said, "Case dismissed."—Harper's Weekly.

Causes Belli.

Bystander—I wonder what the jury found.

Native—Judging from the rumpus, I guess one of the jurymen found a tickle.—Puck.